AN

ELEGY

On the Death of

Mr *NALTON*,

WITH SOME

Memorial Reflections

On the Death of

Mr. *FULLER*, Mr. *ASH*, Mr. *COOKE*,

And ſome other Miniſters.

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An Elegy on the Death of Mr. *Nalton*, with some Memorial Reflections on the Death of Mr. *Fuller*, Mr. *Ash*, Mr. *Cooke*, and some other Ministers.

SUch a sad Instance of Mortality? (die.
Nay then 'tis clear that even Prophets
Death with impartial hand, knocks at the door
Of the spiri'tual Rich as well as Poor.
England awake; thy great Lights hast away:
The doleful Symptome of declining Day:
Such shepherds fall? and Wolves among the sheep?
And the *Lethargick* Flock too fast asleep?
'Tis very ominous: But that Heavens pity
Which never slumbers, keeps the Holy City.
The Death of Holy *Fuller* Heavenly *Crosse* Mr. *Fuller* & Mr. *Crosse*.
Was such a vast and Epidemical Loss,
As when *Elijah* was translated hence,
Their Prayers had the self same Influence.
Moses-like they us'd to stand i'th Gap
And kept off many a dreadful Thunder-clap;
Held Justice hand: A bold (yet meek) Advent'er,
So Famine, Sword and Pestilence did not enter:
So there fell show'rs of plenty, health, and peace,
So fire in Cities, and in Soules did cease:
So Lions mouths were stopt, and the deceit
Of subtle Foxes put to a defeat,

Both hurt the Vineyard, whatere be th' pretence,
Of *Holy Church*, or *Tender Conſcience.*
Yet there is good and lawful Tenderneſs,
Which it is moſt unlawful to oppreſs;
And there is alſo ſuch a Sacred thing,
As Holy Church (the Prieſts of the great King)
Not that Monopolized, in the Miter,
But the more Catholick, of the Faith of *Peter.*
This Church to touch, doth even ſhake a Crown,
Princes ſo doing, hazard Heavens Frown.
When theſe two *Jacobs* wreſtled with their God,
Bleſſing deſcended both on Staffe and Rod:
So Corn, Wine Oyl, not only did abound, (ſound.
But were to th' taſt more ſweet, to th' ſtomack more
So th' Pulpit guarded was from the bold hands
Of furious Antiminiſterial Bands.
The beſt of Mercies in worſt times defended,
But Ah, in better it is now ſuſpended.

Mr. *Calamy.* Viſion in part doth ceaſe, *Micaiah*'s bound,
Old Alm'nack-like pure Worſhip's faln to ground.
The barren Bramble ſtruts with rampant pride,
While the fruit-bearing tree doth couch, and hide,
Mourning in ſecret, wiſhing to be made
A nearer neighbour to the *Cedars* ſhade.
(And ſure the *Royal Tree* would fare the better,
If it drew ſap not from the firſt but latter; (grow,
Bulk, Branch and Root would ſtronger, broader
The beſt of Books and Kings do hold it ſo.)
Sad Symptomes theſe which ſpeak our *Goſhen* dark,
Dagon eclipſing the illuſtrious Arke,
As clouds the Sun, which yet may ſo away.
Saints Prayers die not, though the Saints who pray.
This yields good hopes, *Micaiah* is releaſt,
(So *Joſhuah's* Bunch uſher'd in *Canaans* Feaſt.)

Bleſt

Bleſt is the Nation where the Righteous be
The Loved Darlings of Authority;
Where Holineſs in a Blue Ribbon manner
Is made the Enſign of a man of Honour.
Well may St. *Jethro* with St. *George* conſiſt,
This Order is the ancient'ſt and the beſt:
He who begirt with Heavenly Faith doth fight
'Gainſt his own luſts, is much the worthieſt Knight.
Here Wiſdom founded, Fancy built the reſt,
Somtimes the Vileſt bear the Nobleſt Creſt;
But Reaſon rules where great men waving Blood,
Count it their chiefeſt Glory to be good.
(To cheriſh Vertue, and diſcountenance Vice,
Should be a Rulers Honour, care and choice.)
They beſt know how to councel and command,
Who wear this Badge in head, in heart and hand.
Nor is this Model an *Utopian* bliſs,
Old *Iſrael* was thus happy, why not this?
Heaven may at length be ſo propitious,
To grant to *England* ſuch a Senate Houſe.
Happy the *Moſes* who ſhall ſo reduce
Juſtice Sword to its primitive end and uſe.
That this is rational cannot be denide,
Unleſs it be by thoſe o'th other ſide.
Though it thwart ſome mens profit, others wit,
It is *Legale*, hath an *It is writ*:
'Tis *ab antiquo*, no new Innovation
Foyſted in ſince Fanaticks came in faſhion:
'Tis noble too, hath a *Probatum eſt*,
From Kings who were the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Nay 'tis celeſtial: The All-Excellent
Who is himſelf both King and Parliament
Counts it the glory of his Government,
To curb the ſinner and indulge the Saint.

And

And if that most Supream and perfect Court
(The best Example) governs in this sort,
What plea can be for Nonconformity,
There being true Infallibility.
'Tis their great wisdom who do reign below
To be like-minded, and their Honour too.
This doth confute the politick worldly wise,
Who having only earth before their eyes,
(Like crazy persons) Meagrim'd in the Brain,
Count godliness the *Antipodes* to safe Reign:
As if the Foxes Head and Peacocks Tayl
Were best Supporters of a Commonweal.
But 'tis not so: Their Glory and Defence
Is regular Vertue and pure Innocence.
Happy the Princes who make piety
Both their protection and their policy,
Whose Scepters and whose Souls do rule and love
According to the blessed form above,
Directed by celestial Discipline,
This turnes an earthly Crown into divine,
Exalteth more then Royal Stile or Birth,
Those Titular make, this real Gods on earth.

Mr. *Cooper* & Mr. *Kitchin.*

Two young Elijahs fill'd with the same Art,
And Heavenly Spirit, next do hence depart:
Though green in years, so wise, so good; In truth,
It cannot well be said they di'd in youth;
More gray in Righteousness then some who be
Entituled Doctors of Divinity.
Whose Death by us should much lamented be,
Though it did them a special Curtesie.
Great is the publick damage, sad the stroak,
Which fels young Saplings with the Aged Oak.

Mr. *Taylor.*

The Reverend Taylor next thought fit to die
And shrowd himself within Eternity.

Seeing

Seeing clouds gather, though the Sun shin'd bright,
He fear'd th' old Darkness would eclipse its light:
And his Judicious eye did give right aim,
Piercing into the wily after-game:
(So the wise Mariner in prophetick way,
Points to a Tempest in the cleerest day)
Not all the Soph'stry of the Mitred Sect,
Could make this Wise man hope so good effect,
As State more happy, Church more glorious,
From such a cause as is incongruous.
No health in either, or no Hierarchy
Hath more of Reason, Faith and Charity.
Such is that natural Antipathy
'Twixt the pure Gospel, and proud Prelacy,
'Tis force not choice makes that blest Plant admit
This carnal umbradge to o're shadow it.
Like to those vegetables which do fade
And pine away, plac't in Malignant shade.
Like to those ravisht Virgins which are chast,
Religion still cries out when thus oppress.
So the two Buckets in a Well, if one
Be raised up, the other strait fals down.
At distance he beheld the dismal storm,
Saw fervent prayer dwindled to cold form,
And powerful preaching home to conscience,
Shrunk in the Nerves to feeble Mood and Tense;
Guest by the brow of times, a Deluge of sin
And Superstition would come raging in,
Like those proud Billows which cause Inundations,
And scorning Bounds orethrow the Lands Founda-
Like those wild cattel with the Bries oppress (tions
Or *Gaderene* Swine which were by Devils possest.
This made him to Heavens Sanctuary run,
As wary Souldiers to their Garrison,

Unable

Unable to repel the adverſe power.
He wept and pray'd, then fled to his ſtrong Tower,
(So th' prudent Flock obſerving gloomy Skie,
Haſt to the refuge of ſome ſhelter nigh.)
Not that he did ignobly leave the Field,
Or from baſe fear lay down his ſword or ſhield:
He was more ſtout, more faithful, and more wiſe,
Then to be guilty of ſuch cowardiſe:
Nothing but death could his great courage rout,
Which ſummoning him, he readily fac't about;
And 'twas his valour then to quit his ground,
When his chief Captain a Retreat did ſound.
(All is not Fortitude that's ſo diſplaid,
But that's the Right where juſt Commands obey'd.)
Even in Faiths warfare as in other fight,
There is a ſeaſon to orecom by flight.
So this great Saint triumpht, in dying did ſing
Grave, wher's thy victory? Death, where is thy ſting?
He liv'd to ſee the Military yoke (broke.
Which he and's Tribe had long groan'd under,
(Who uſing many a ſpecious Pretence
Wrong'd the Church to do right to Conſcience)
But ah! the Viper ſtill lies in the graſs,
No Biſhop, no King; a heavier yoke takes place:
'Gainſt which Impoſture he ſhot many a Dart, (heart.
But when made wound-proof, that did break his

Mr. *Cooke* of *Iſlington.*

Next bleſſed Cooke to God commends his breath,
His Righteous Soul being even vext to death.
Though he felt ſickneſs, this was his great pain,
To ſee his Countrey in the mire again;
He would not live unto the fatal Day,
Commanded Death to fetch him ſtraight away,
Rather then be by Prelate-power longer ti'd,
His broken heart broke, ſo good *Noah* di'd:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with that *Worſhip* in which Heaven delights,
He could not bear dull Forms, heart freezing Rites,
Whilſt without ſtrength his ſoul in darkneſs ſate,
He did embrace this lower lifeleſs ſtate:
But when advanced by the bleſſed Tide,
Then farewel Crutches. Vain Traditions di'd,
So Children when matur'd to perfect men,
Put away Rattles, and grow ſerious then.
So the fair Ship which once ſtuck in the Mud,
Being made active by the quickning Floud,
In uſeful ſort improving every Gale,
Scornes cripple Poſture, and doth hoiſe up Saile.

Next good old Simeon ſeeing work to ceaſe, Mr. *Aſh.*
And his Salvation ſure, departs in peace;
Inſpired *Aſh*, who even whilſt below,
Seemed Triumphant, he did praiſe God ſo,
And as he prais'd he pray'd: Such Fervency
Such bold, yet humble, Importunity;
The Pulpit ſeemed a Mount *Nebo* place,
And he converſing with God face to face:
And as he prais'd and pray'd, he preached too,
With zealous heat as Angels uſe to do.
And as his praiſe, pray'r, preaching did excel,
So his juſt practice was moſt parallel,
And that which crowned all, no Fleſh could be
More condeſcending and more meek then he.
Though ſome, (and of the wiſer ſort) deem'd him
A real Wonder, a rare Seraphim,
Worm and no man he was in his own eye,
A thing of nothing, a Non entity.
Whoſe Motto may be this, Vaſt Gifts, No Pride,
Whom none Aboye, Beneath, And yet he di'd:
Whoſe bleſt example lives though he be dead
Yielding Perfume like th' Phœnix ſpicy bed.

Mr. *Bolls* and Mr. *Nichols*.

Bolls of the North, and *Nichols* of the West
Next take their journey to eternal Reſt:
Heavens Grace poſſeſt them both, and Heavens Joy
So fill'd the one that he did ſinging die.
To check the frantick merry world, and prove
That there is purer, nobler Joy above.
By which attracted (having got a taſt)
He could not ſtay here but aſcends poſt haſt.

Mr. *Nalton*.

Next (his ſet time of mourning being expir'd)
The bleſſed *Nalton* is at laſt retir'd.
This was the *Enoch* who ſo walkt with God,
Jacob like wreſtled, *Job* like bore the Rod:
In ſome ſence more then *Iſraels Jeremy*
This Prophet was what th' other wiſht to be,
For Head of waters, and for fountain-eye
The weeping *Magd'len* could not well outvye.
Whence iſſued forth ſuch ſtreams of penitent dew
Had he ſeen Chriſt, his feet he had waſht too.
This, this is he who for ſo many years
Lifted up his moſt zealous breath and tears,
Crying with both, Woe, woe, Repent, repent,
As ſometime *Jonah* when to *Nineveh* ſent.
This was the man, who as the State turn'd round,
Fixt to his Baſis, firmly kept his ground.
What e're the times were, he was ſtill the ſame,
Confirmed in a holy Loyal frame;
True to his Prince, and to the Goſpel Cauſe,
A friend to Liberty and righteous Laws.

Mr. *Love*.

(This made him ſhot at when that Martyr'd one
Both did and ſuffered Execution.)
No breach in his Allegiance could be made
When late uſurping Powers did invade.
And when he ſaw the other Tide return,
His Zeal like that of *Moſes* made him burn.
Which fire ſo kindled, and it wanting vent,
Conſum'd the Martyr, ſpent becauſe not ſpent.

Shielded

Shielded by Faith, and guarded by the word,
He feared not the Miter nor the ſword.
Counted them Scar-crowes. A good reaſon why,
All things but Chriſt were Trifles in his eye.
Whether the world did frown or did applaud,
He did his duty, ſcorn'd its force and fraud.
This magnifi'd him, made him truly more,
Weigh'd in right Balance, then a ſelfiſh ſcore,
Who by the waxen wings of ayry Notion
Icarus like aſcend unto promotion.
(May their height be ſhortlived like his Fate,
Both for their own and th' Nations happier ſtate.)
No ſuch Prieſt he who could be worldly wiſe
He offer'd up Diviner Sacrifice.
From a pure heart inflam'd with heavenly fire
Not wooden Altar, nor more wooden Quire.
His ſolid influential ſanctity
Made large amends for Non-conformity.
Although he could not dawb in Mode and Faſhion,
He preacht, and pray'd (and wept) t' edification.
His very tears ſpoke more to Conſcience
Then others Learning and ſmooth Eloquence.
Vaſt was his Zeal, his Apoſtolick mind
Though moſt contented could not be confin'd
Within one ſingle Pariſh narrow Liſt
So he turn'd good and honeſt Pluraliſt
Expatiated as his ſtrength would reach (preach.
And where's Tongue could not, there his Heart did
As in *America* ſometimes is brought forth
In barren places Mines of greateſt worth
Whoſe Treaſures fill the greedy world with mirth,
(Although the Surface poor deſpiſed earth.)
As if the mean neglected outſide Soyl
Were plac't there but to be the inſides Foyl
So here in Clayie veſſel coucht, did lie
A real *Indie* of true Piety.

Whither wiſe Merchants uſed to repair
For better wealth then Pearles and Rubies are;
And did return more rich (by being made poor,)
Then others laden with the Golden Ore.
Or as ſome Prince who doth in Birth excel,
And hath Heroick vertues parallel
For the atchieving ſome great Enterprize,
Deignes to put on a poor and low diſguiſe:
Whoſe conceal'd and incognite Majeſty
Doth not diminiſh, but augments thereby.
So here through vail of Duſt and Aſhes ſhin'd
A truly Noble, rightly Royal mind,
Which though not Reverenc't by the viler ſect,
Who (being blind) did his great worth neglect,
Yet had dominion over Holy hearts,
Who ſaw, admir'd, and lov'd his Grace and Parts
Which had a luſtre more then Comet bright
(But he a burning, as a ſhining Light.)
His Converſation did well ſuit his Teaching,
His Practiſe as Pathetick as his Preaching.
He did by Grace what *Drake* once did by Art,
Sayl'd ore the little world of his own heart,
Searching the *Terr' Incognita* within,
Where as he came in view o'th' *Hydra* ſin,
He drew not back, but with the whetted Word
More keen and conqu'ring then was *Cæſars Sword*,
Like that great Emperour, ſaw and overcame,
Being indeed what th' other was in Name:
He conquered Kingdomes, and poor pompous duſt,
In the mean time was ſlave to his own Luſt:
He at the moſt was but a Conquerour,
But this great Saint was truly'r that and more.
Faith, Hope and Charity, with each other Grace,
Obſerving their due Order, Time and Place,
Mov'd like the Stars in proper Orb and Sphere
(Thus differenc't) there was no falling here.

Faith

Faith being lively like the active Fire,
Unto its Center, Heaven did aſpire.
Charity like the Influential Rain,
Fell on the earth in ſhow'rs of ſpiritual gain.
Patience and Hope conjoyn'd eying the Crown,
Swiftly mov'd towards the Croſs without a frown.
Godly grief retrograding to time gone,
Smote on the Thigh, and ſaid, What have I done?
Meekneſs did introſpect with ſcrutinous eye,
And ſeeing ſin there, ſaid, Ah who am I!
This was th' illuſtrious Grace which rul'd as King,
And was the Diamond to th' enamel'd Ring.
Each other Grace, (as he had all) in's heart,
Seem'd to act only ſweet Humilities part.
(So the Example of ſome *Edward* Prince K. *Edward* 6th
Turnes his good Subjects to like excellence:
So ſmaller Rivolets do exalt their name
Falling into ſome eminenter ſtream.)
Though his large Talents were laid out toth' (moſt
So much as would have made another boaſt.
Empty and idle he himſelf did deem,
This made him ſeem ev'n meek in the extream.
(And ſure if his pure white knew any blot,
Immoderate ſelf-debaſing was his ſpot.)
Vaſt was his paines. Like as th' indulgent Sun
For common benefit his courſe doth run,
Extending light and heat to things below,
Whereby they live, and to perfection grow.
Or as the painful and induſtrious Bee
Toyleth to ſerve publick Comodity,
Coaſting from place to place, from field to field,
Making each herb and flower ſome ſweetneſs yield;
Which turn'd to Honey, and made fit for uſe,
He then gives out (in a good ſenſe) profuſe.
So this kind Chymiſt ſearched Holy Writ,
And ſuckt each good and ſweet contain'd in it.

Which

Which he brought home by holy Meditation,
And making of a saving Application:
In the first place furnishing his own Hive,
Then to the common Stock he did derive.
Scatter'd his Med'cines (as need did require,
And not as sickly Patients did desire.)
Which yet were costly, for he thought not fit
Sermons should spring up like to Mushrom wit;
Or like to Arrows shot at random be
Salt, Oyle, Aym, season'd his Divinity.
Pils that were bitter he had for the stout,
To purge their pride and haughty humours out.
And for poor bruised Reeds (to quell their qualmes)
Soul cheering Antidotes, and cordial Balmes.
So skil'd an Artist, he knew how to deal
With good and bad, at once could wound & heal.
(He could be tender, and he could be Brass,
A *Boanerges*, and a *Barnabas*)
With discreet bounty he did so dispence
His sweet and vivifying Influence,
That (blest by Heaven) it wrought good success;
And hath made fruitful many a Wilderness. (forth
Hundreds of barren hearts which once brought
But Briars and Thorns, and wild fruits of no worth,
By his wise tillage have improved so,
That therein now most precious fruit doth grow.
But Ah, who can forbear to be spring-ey'd,
The fullest Conduits must at last be dry'd;
The best of Prophets do not live for ever,
Nalton himself dyes, Tears swell to a River.
Weep broken hearts, your good *Samaritan*'s gone,
That Son of Peace and Consolation,
Who used to pour Oyl into your wounds, (sounds.
And charm'd your ears with his sweet Gospel
He, he is dead whose breath made soules alive,
He's gone to Heaven who made earth to thrive.

Who

Who as he plough'd (that's more then many do)
Powred down ſhowers into the Furrowes too.
Weep expos'd *England*, thy beſt watchmen fall,
Which doth for bitter Lamentation call.
This, this is he ſtood Centinel o're thy Bed,
Kept thy whole body by his care o'th' Head.
(For as in Natural bodies, Brain and Heart
To th' Members health or ſickneſs does impart,
So a whole Nation becomes good or baſe,
As the Metrop'lis ſends forth ſin or grace.)
He waked as thy ſecure Natives ſlept,
And as they feaſted, dayes of Faſting kept,
Stood on his Watch-tower, and foreſeeing harm,
Sounded the Trumpet, to give an Alarm.
Weep Bankrupt *London*: Now't may well be ſaid,
The wealthy City is impoveriſhed,
And hath juſt cauſe to mourn for want of trade,
Her better traffique's miſerably decay'd,
Not by thoſe Tempeſts which at Sea do come,
But by a ſadder wrack ſuſtain'd at home.
As th' Animal ſpirits do give life to th' Heart,
So th' Goſpel is a Nations Vital part.
If this main Pillar of its health decay
No wonder petty props do ſhrink away.
Well may that Body Politique complain
That it is ſickly, full of grief and pain,
Where th' Peccant humours are predominant,
This makes the ſtrongeſt conſtitution faint.
So when malignant choler doth abound,
And the corrupt part gives check to the ſound,
Phyſitians ſay, that this ill temp'rature
Threatens an *Ague* or a *Calenture*:
There 'tis call'd ſickneſs: Why ith' Commonwealth
Is this diſeaſe entituled Publique health?
The Civil and the Nat'ral State agree,
Both are preſerv'd by the ſame Policy;

And in their dying, this reſemblance have
What brings th' one brings the other to the grave.
Weep weakned City, Death has levell'd here
More of thy ſtrength then that which does appear
Arm'd *Cap a pe* in the Artillery;
Here lies the Figure, thoſe the Cyphers be.
Theſe kind of Bulwarks are the ſtrong'ſt of all,
What ſignifies thy Gates, and Rampir'd Wall,
More then the feeble Holds of Moles and Ants,
If the main Fortreſs, Preaching, Praying wants?
(Like the pale looks of bodies inanimate,
Grim is the face of a diſpropheted State.)
But yet ther's cauſe of hope. This, this relieves,
Though frail Sub-ſhepherds die, the chief one lives.
Though Death and Prelacy the Pipes have cut,
Which did ſupply us even to a Glut,
So that poor brittle broken Ciſterns fail,
They have not, cannot o're the Source prevail.
Maugre their force the Fountain will not ceaſe
To reinforce freſh ſtreames of Truth and Peace.
Great is the publick loſs, greater his gain,
Freed from all terrours and diſtracting pain;
Out of the reach of ſorrow and of ſin,
Sav'd from the *Ills* without, and *Ills* within:
Arrived at the bleſſed Port at laſt, (and paſt,
Rocks, Sands, Winds, Waves, being all blown o're
He who beſadded, ſow'd a while in tears,
Now reaps in comfort. Rais'd above all feares,
Where there is ſuch uninterrupted Light,
As knows no cloud, eclipſe, or gloomy Night:
Where there is everlaſting ſinging praiſe,
No dangers troubles, alwaies Halcyon dayes.
Where there is nothing hurtful to annoy;
Where there is all that maketh perfect Joy.
And where (that which doth perfect, perfect Bliſs,
The Heaven of Heavens) our Bleſſed Saviour is.

FINIS.